Northern Messenger

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Locomotion in India.

(By Florence Fenn Forman.)

In Bombay the main streets are broad, finely paved avenues, with good, well kept roads, though the native quarter happily still revels in picturesque lanes and by-ways. Small, comfortable victorias are to be had in abundance, for one dollar and fifty cents a day, and a phaeton and team are furnished for three dollars a day, which is large pay for India, and exceeds the charges of most of the other cities, while a course of a mile can be taken for fifteen cents. The extreme heat makes driving imperative, as cork helmets and double umbrellas are not sufficient protection for a European from the fierce sun, and even the horses of the little tramcars, patronized only by the natives, are furnished with a shield of thick pith, fashioned like an oval chopping bowl, covering the top of the head and forming a shelter over the forehead. There are many smart London turnouts to be seen in the late afternoon on the beautiful road to Malabar Hill. The Parsee ladies amble along in fine broughams, but the Hindu equipage per se is a queer little back-tilting, covered waggon, gaily decorated, and drawn by snow-white bullocks, whose sleek coats shine like satin, their necks encircled with strings of blue beads, charms and jingling chains. It is no uncommon sight to see a team of small trotting bullocks harnessed to a vehicle much resembling the American sulky, and the pace is surprisingly brisk. Occasionally the elegant landau of some petty rajah bowls along in solemn state, or the litter of a luxurious Parsee, who prefers the quick, steady walk of two trusty bearers to the latest luxury of what a groom of the Buckingham Palace stables—referring to the Queen's latest carriage—solemnly described as 'rheumatic' tires.

Bombay boasts of one of the finest railway stations in the world. Indeed, I doubt if another of such imposing size and elegance exists outside of London or New York city. It was completed in 1888 at a cost of $1,500,000, and is a substantial testimony of the uninterrupted prosperity of a road that in twenty-eight years has more than doubled the value of its shareholders' property, which is saying a good deal when you take into consideration the fact that the rates per mile are less than in any country of Europe or America. One of the interesting features of this huge Italian Gothic pile lies in the fact that its beautiful decorations, carvings in wood and stone, wrought railings, encaustic tiles, polished marbles and inlaying, is the work of the students of the Bombay School of Arts, an institution under government control, where the fast dying arts of the country are perpetuated and taught among the 'fin de siecle' natives, who are showing an alarming partiality for the latest wicked gimcrack in glass, plush or satin from Birmingham. If a law could be passed excluding Brummagem there would still be hopes that the Hindu would once more arise in his might and take his place among the princes of the earth.

A RICKSHAW.

The first requirement of a tour in India is to secure a good body servant. He is indispensable; as otherwise one stands small chance of getting service in any hotel, and he is also a necessary buffer between you and the wily Oriental of commerce, whose mission is to fleece the stranger, and swear by the soul of his defunct progenitor that an article actually valued at one rupee is an unprecedented bargain which, in consideration of your lordship being a protector of the poor, he blandly offers you for five rupees. For the Indian is a born gambler, and has no respect for a sahib who refuses to barter. To be sure, the 'boy' receives a commission for all purchases made in his presence, but even that is an economy over the other system. After a varied experience of incompetents, we secured the services of a Surat 'boy,' for boy they remain until grey hairs and tottering limbs preclude further service. Then began the purchase of the necessary impedimenta, for bedding has to be carried while travelling in India, as the distances are long and many nights have to be passed on the train, not to mention the chances of finding no such provision at dak bungalows or station bedrooms. Pillows, sheets, towels and thick razais (cotton wadded comforters) are strapped in rubber sheeting, and, together with bags and tiffin basket, stowed away at starting in the first-class carriage, in which whatever it lacks in luxurious furnishings is compensated for by the generous spaciousness of its accommodation.

The holder of four tickets is entitled to a whole car, the main saloon being about 8x11 feet, with a lavatory at one end, which sometimes includes a shower bath, and on some lines a small, communicating compartment is provided at the other end for the servant. This car can be side-tracked anywhere, without extra expense, by notifying the station agents in advance. Four windows run along each side of the carriage, beneath which are leather covered seats that can be pulled out to a three-foot bed at night, and other couches can be pulled down from the top if required. Any elegance of appointment would be useless, as the tracks run along the endless sandy plains, so that the dust filtering through every crevice is a nostalgic reminder of similar experiences on the Long Island Road. A boarded screen, two feet deep, projects from the roof of the car over the windows, to form a shelter from the direct rays of the sun; shutters are also provided, and every alternate window is blue or green glass, which, during the hot season,

A COMMON MODE OF TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

makes it possible to look out without being blinded by the glare.

Another contrivance to mitigate the heat is in the shape of a tube over the windows, which is connected with a tank on the roof, and, turning a lever in the car, water flows over the sweet grass toties hung at the open windows. The moving train makes a current of air, which, however blasting outside, comes through cool and fragrant to the sweltering occupant within.

Of all the Anglo-Indian institutions next to the indispensable punka, let me commend the station master. He individually and collectively should be canonized, for his universal civility and resourceful care amid trying conditions is phenomenal, and his cannot be an easy vocation.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that telegraphy in India is cheap, for the custom is to wire the station master to fill every emergency, from holding a car for a party, securing rooms at a dak, engaging rickshaws, furnishing meals, to receiving letters addressed to his care. A hundred demands are made upon his time and patience, which would never be dreamed of or tolerated anywhere else. These good Samaritans are generally Britishers or half-castes in all the central provinces, but in the south, the native Baboo, much alive to the importance of his post, is not apt to be so obliging, but shows an overwhelming curiosity in your affairs, which interest does not extend to properly labeling or receipting for your luggage. Of the

ELEPHANT RIDING AT JEYPOOR.

former class I remember an instance at Jeypoor. After distinct favors rendered, a dainty bouquet of violets was handed in at the window by the bowing station master as the train glided out. Another time, at Trichinopoly, where there is no hotel, the dak was full and the two available rooms at the station already occupied, and there seemed to be no alternative but to sit up all night in the waiting room. The local genie was much exercised at the seeming inhospitality, and sent in a cane couch from his own room, which he supplemented with another awaiting shipment upon the platform. A long chair was found for the third member of the party, when he proceeded to scare up two punka wallahs, who, between intervals of snoring, pulled the punkas all night for the magnificent sum of six cents each. There being washing and bathing appliances in an adjoining apartment, we were as comfortable as though occupying the regular rooms up-stairs, where the bedding is indifferently clean, to say the least. But our benefactor refused to take any pay for the accommodation furnished, and only after repeated protests he consented to take ninety cents, to be deposited in the funds of a boys' club, for here, in this lurid tophet, where gunpowder explodes if placed on brown paper in the sun, and mosquitoes come eleven to the pound, this ex-Britisher was teaching the native youth to play cricket!

The native Indian has an ingrained passion for travelling, ninety percent of the passengers carried being of the poorer class. A first experience at the railway station makes one feel that there must be some special festivity on hand; but, after repeated encounters, one soon gets used to hustling, howling groups of picturesque men, women and children squatting around their huddled belongings, or prancing about the platform for last ablutions, and filling their brass bowls with drinking water. When the train arrives, pandemonium reigns, as they jostle and chatter while the guards pack them in like sardines. Then there is a grand shuffle for the window seats, from which point of vantage the fortunate one proceeds to lay in a store of sweetmeats, pistachio nuts, or curd paste from the omnipresent vender, who weighs his wares against shells, stones or seemingly any available article. The transaction, however, appears to be acceptable, for I never heard the measure disputed; a small coin is transferred, the tray hoisted upon the merchants' head, and he proceeds to cry his wares in stentorian tones until some neighboring travellers succumb to the sticky temptation.

Indian Famine Fund.

The following is copied from the 'Weekly Witness' of Aug. 7:—

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.

Undesignated.

Previously acknowledged	$104.49
Silverweed	1.75
Mrs. Philip Beck	4.75
Mrs. C. S. Andrews	1.00
Proceeds of picnic, Melbourne Ridge Temperance Society	23.25
Young Ladies of Selkirk, per Miss N. McClung	35.50
R. W. Wilson	1.00
Mrs. J. H. V.	1.00
R. & J. Stutt	1.00
M. B.	3.00
A Friend, Steveston, B.C.	5.00
Under	1.00
An Englishwoman	1.00
Mrs. Nice	1.00
A Friend, Carievale	5.00
Collected by a friend, Shawbridge.	3.65
Q. McGill	2.00
Friends, G.B.	5.00
A Friend, Abbotsford	.50
People of Peachland	3.00
E.C.	2.00
Mrs. J. D.	1.00
Mito	3.00
M.V.S.	3.00
J. F.	.50
George McCreary	4.00
G. A. McCreary	1.00
Miss Ethel Sivier	1.00
J. W. Sivier	1.00
Silver Weed	1.00
Sympathizer, Westmount	2.00
324 Gerrard street, Toronto	2.00
R.T.	5.00
David Brown	.50
A Friend	1.00
R.V.	2.00
Union Sunday School, No. 4 North Oxford	2.50
Magnus Firth	1.00
A. C. Attwood, Vanneck	2.00
Breadalbane Union S.S.	2.25
A Friend of the Good Cause	2.00
A.M.M.	5.00
R. J. Quick	3.00
M. B. Sutherland	1.00
Mrs. D. Kennedy	1.00
A Friend, Ste. Anne de Bellevue	5.00
B. W. Ingersoll	5.00
Maude Leitch	3.00
O. C. Urigle	2.00
Union Sunday School, Cobourg and Port Hope	6.25
A 'Witness' Reader	1.00
E. Archibald	1.00
C.N.M.	1.00
Hector McDonald	2.00
Hope Woodstock	1.00
Y.P.S.C.E., Beaconsfield	2.75
Norwich Monthly Meeting of Friends, Quaker street	37.73
Collected by Miss Forrest—	
Anon	1.50
Outremont	.50
Waterloo	2.50
Friend	.25
City	.25
Collected by Jean Bell, West Shefford	.65
Kate Blackwood	.65
Arnold McConnell	1.50
Annie Williams	3.20
Helen Lawrence	5.00
Miss J. Bruce	1.00
Robert Sutton	1.00
A. E. Burnett	5.00
Collected by Marion Samson and Hesse Henderson, Windsor Mills—	
Thomas Ware	$1.00
Mrs. J. Duplop	.15
Louis Tanner	.20
Mrs. Hawker	.25
Mrs. C. Henderson	.25
Eddie Samson	.25
Mrs. A. Henderson	.25
Mrs. C. A. Miller	.25
Florence Henderson	.05
Mrs. J. Samson	.50
Mrs. A. Dearden	.10
J. Samson	1.00
N. D. Cascadden	.10
Charles Moore	.02
Lena Farquhar	.05
Mrs. H. Moore	.25
Wm. Mountain	.20
Mrs. T. McMichael	.10
Mrs. C. Ross	.10
Muriel Samson	.10
Mrs. Lockwood	.10
Mrs. G. Morey	.05
Marion Samson	.10
Hessa Henderson	.10
	$5.52
Collected by Miss Louise Miller—	
Edward Fee	5.50
Robert Miller	1.00
J. O. Johnston	.25
Silas Hyde	3.00
Alfred Miller	1.00
David Stevens	.50
Albert Gale	.50
A. Desmaris	.50
E. Gale	.15
Lowella Duffy	.25
George Richmond	1.00
J. Dowd	.50
B. Dowd	.40
P. Dowd	.50
George Johnstotn	.50
Methodist Ladies' Aid	5.00
	$20.55
Collected by Emma May Beck and Gertrude Morris—	
Gertrude Morris	.10
May Beck	.05
Philip Beck	.50
Edna Beck	.05
Harvey Beck	.05
Clarence Beck	.10
Mrs. Sam Hall	.25
Mrs. Dearning	.15
Mr. Jacob Wismer	.10
George Mervyn	.25
Mrs. Will. Shrigley	.10
Wm. Martin	.15
May Martin	.05
Mr. Lewis Martin	.10
Mrs. Isabella Martin	.10
Mrs. Jack Gibson	1.00
Mrs. George Strain	.25
Mr. Joe Best	.25
Mr. Malcolm McArthur	.10
Mr. Edwin Beck	.25
Robert Francis Cain	.25
Mrs. Chas. Beck	.10
Y. Enzer	.10
Mrs. Wm. Y. Cook	.10
Mr. R. T. Thorbur	.25
	$1.75
Collected by Lyle Pearson, Waterloo—	
Liola Durrell	.10
A Friend	.09
Wm. Pearson	.25
Sydney Pearson	.26
Lyle Pearson	.30
	$1.00
	$373.24
Less divided in proportion to designated amounts received as follows:	
To Canadian Presbyterian Mission	$35.06
To Christian Alliance Mission	43.14
To American Board of Missions	8.95
To Methodist Episcopal Missions	3.73
To Southern India Famine Fund	11.01
To Church Missionary Society	1.60
	104.49
	$268.75

The Find-the-Place Almanac.

TEXTS IN HEBREWS.

Aug. 19, Sun.—We have not a high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

Aug. 20, Mon.—In all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin.

Aug. 21, Tues.—Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace.

Aug. 22, Wed.—Called of God.

Aug. 23, Thurs.—Let us go on unto perfection.

Aug. 24, Fri.—Be not slothful.

Aug. 25, Sat.—Followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

A travelling-club, a question club, where all the answers shall be found in the Bible or in one of its books; try a journey that shall not go out of the Book of the Acts. Why, it will go from Jaffa to Gibraltar, from Damascus to Rome, from Jerusalem to the city above!

BOYS AND GIRLS

A True Story of a Chinaman.

('Baptist Missionary Herald.')

Jim was a Chinaman. When a child he had been stolen from his home and sold to a company of playactors. He did not know his relatives; indeed, he did not know that he had any. He was alone in the world, and a kind of slave to the men with whom he lived. When old enough he was taught to become an actor, usually taking the part of a girl. He was a bright lad and handsome, so he was liked by the people who wished to hear him rather than the other players. Jim received many favors and presents from those who came to see the plays; yet he had to share all the presents with his companions—and often his share was very small—but, as people did not know this, he received as many presents as ever.

Very early Jim had been taught by his companions to worship Siu-kang-tia, the god of playactors; and as the lad grew and was able to understand, he became a faithful worshipper of this idol. As soon as he had time, after his company came to a new town, Jim asked about the temples, and went to the one having the image of his god, and worshipped Siu-kang-tia most earnestly. Every day, as long as the company remained in a town, the lad found his way to the temple, where he spent some time in worship.

ONE OF CHINA'S IDOLS

One day the boy found the priests greatly excited. They told him that Siu-kang-tia had forsaken his image, and that other gods had done the same. The images were made of wood, and had been attacked by white ants, and eaten so thoroughly that nothing but the shell of the images remained. They said that it would be useless to pray or offer anything to such idols; the boy went back to his company with a heavy heart. As his companions had given worship over to him, and as they seldom asked him anything about the temples of the gods, Jim said nothing of his disappointment; but he thought a great deal. He was glad to hear the men say that, since the place was such a poor one, they would move the next day to a larger town.

When that town was reached, and Jim had leisure, Jim went to the temple where his god's image was. The old priest in charge bade the boy wait, as the idol was dirty, and must be cleaned before any offerings were presented. As an excuse for the dirt, the priest said he had been away, and no one had attended to his idols. This made Jim think more. When all was ready he worshipped the idol, made his offering, presented his petitions, and left the temple. He was disappointed, but could hardly say why. He was glad, though, to hear one of the men say that the company had been invited to another town a few miles away, to give entertainments for several days.

A greater disappointment awaited the lad at the next place. He found the temple of his favorite in ruins, and the image of the playactor's god broken in pieces. A couple of priests were there lamenting the misfortune, but doing nothing to remedy it.

'It is too bad,' said one of the priests to the lad, 'that the typhoon a few days ago destroyed the temple so completely. It seems impossible to get the people to rebuild it. A few of us thought that if we could get your company to come and give plays for several days it might make the people willing to give money to rebuild the house of the gods. We can then get another idol instead of the old Siu-kang-tia; and by a little work can put the others in such good repair that they will seem like new. Perhaps the typhoon came that we might get a new temple, for this was old and decayed.'

Jim went back to his company silent and serious. When asked what was the matter, he could not answer. But he visited no temple, he made no offerings, he worshipped no idol while his company remained in that town. Nor did he seek for a temple in the city he visited. He seemed to be like his companions, almost godless; he really was altogether without a god.

When asked why he did not worship Siu-kang-tia, he replied that Siu-kang-tia had proved unable to take care of himself, so could not possibly be trusted to care for others. Then he added that he did not mean to worship any gods. He declared that gods who could not keep white ants away, could not keep themselves from becoming dirty, and could not protect their homes from the power of the storm, were surely unable to take care of men. After that Jim visited no temples; he offered nothing to idols, and would have nothing to do with idolatry. Then his comrades gave him the name of 'No-God-Jim.'

Jim saw one day in a city where he was stopping, a number of men crowding about a door. As he had nothing to do he joined the group, and found them in a large room, listening to a foreigner. The man spoke Chinese so plainly that the actor had no difficulty in understanding; and, to Jim's surprise, the foreigner was talking about a God whom he called a spirit, and said that he never should be worshipped as idols are. This was strange talk to Jim and he listened attentively. Then he pushed his way through the crowd until he got inside the room. There he stood and listened until the preacher—for the foreigner was a missionary—ceased speaking.

At the close of the service Jim remained to ask questions. To each question he received such answers as satisfied him; and his interest in the newly-discovered God was great. The more he heard the more he wished to know. Since his company had nothing to do, as work for playactors was dull, the youth spent much of his time at the chapel where he had heard the missionary. By-and-by he became a Christian. He said that at last he had found the God he had sought in vain in temples and in forms of idols. This God satisfied his heart, but the others made it the more hungry.

After he became a Christian Jim refused to answer to the name of 'No-God-Jim,' but he said that he was now an entirely different person. He was Jim-of-the-one-true-God. He had been a no-god man because he had sought a god for his body, while his soul was the one that needed a God, and was starving for him.

'I was as a man trying to satisfy his hunger by eating smoke,' he said. 'I could see, taste, smell it, and feel my eyes become sore and blinded by it; but my hunger did

not pass away. I was becoming suffocated by the smoke and starving to death at the same time. Now I have found something that is a food and drink, and music to my soul as I eat and drink. My eyes see clearly; the suffocation is gone; I am well fed, strong and happy. I am Jim-of-the-one true-God who saves sinners.'

A True Story.

(By Mrs. Carrie Lane Chapman, in 'Woman Suffrage Leaflet.')

Li Po Ton was a little Chinese maiden, born in the inland province of Hupeh, in far-away China.

Her earliest recollection was of sitting, with her little twin brother, Chin Wah, in her grandfather's sunny garden, which ran close down to the big, blue Han River, and watching the boats of every imaginable color and size, as they floated down to the great Yangtse Kiang. The little maiden's grandfather, Chin Wah Ton, was known as a rich man in those parts. He had two great rice fields, a tobacco plantation, an orchard of cherries, and a comfortable house, on the roof of which was a most wonderful garden, full of fat cabbages and fresh-smelling leeks. He was a man of much influence, and many came to seek his advice and instructions. At one time he had been a 'kuan,' and ever since had carried an added prestige and dignity. His learning and piety were famed all through the province, even so far away as the great city of Wuchang, where he made a journey in his richly upholstered palanquin twice every year, to sell the merchants there the products of his lands.

In one particular only had he ever been unfortunate. He had three wives and many children; but, despite his piety, the children had all been girls, save one. Chin Wah Ton hated girls, and his whole affection was lavished upon this son. Upon him would depend not only the responsibility of maintaining the family name, but the more important duty of performing those annual ceremonials at the grave of his father, through which aid alone the soul of Chin Wah might hope to rest in peace.

The son grew and prospered; but, alas! when he had been married but three years, he fell sick and died. The grief of the father was piteous to see; but in the midst of his sorrow there was one hope. The son had himself had a son, the little twin brother of Li Po Ton, who had been named after his grandfather, Chin Wah Ton. So it came about that the little Chin Wah became the light and joy of his grandfather's eyes—his one hope and happiness.

Two more contented children would be hard to find than these little twins of Hupeh. All the long sunny days they flitted about like gay butterflies among the garden plants; now picking up the red chessier, which had fallen from the big trees; now sailing in a tub their little toy boats, all covered with bright streamers, exactly like those they saw on the great river; and now climbing to the roof top to look at the wonderful garden. To be sure, when one of the brilliant butterflies sailed temptingly through the air, and Chin Wah rushed after it in gay pursuit, little Li Po Ton was left far behind in the chase, for her bound feet refused to carry her, and when she tried to run, they ached piteously. There were many other games in which she found herself distanced; but little Chin Wah was patient and good, and she was happy—innocent, sweet little Li Po Ton! Yet there was another grief which sometimes sent a quick, sharp pain through her little child-heart; for she had not been slow to notice that her grandfather, the great Chin Wah, had plenty of caresses and words of affection for her twin brother, but paid no more attention to her than if she had been one of the cabbages in his garden. Why was it so? We shall see.

One day she missed little Chin Wah, and although she hunted all through the garden, he was nowhere to be found. At last he came running out of the house, his eyes shining and his face all aglow with excitement; but when he saw Li Po Ton standing, pleased and glad, in the shadow of a rose bush, he drew himself up into an affected attitude of superiority, and looked scornfully at her.

'Oh, ho!' he exclaimed. 'I can't play with you any more. I have just had my first lesson in reading, and a man is coming every day to teach me more. I am going to be a great man, like grandfather, and ride in a palanquin; but you can't learn to read. Grandfather said so. You are a girl.'

Poor little maid! For the first time she saw the barrier between them. The next day, when she cautiously peeped through the door, and saw Chin Wah standing, straight and proud, before a strange man, who was showing him curious figures on a strip of red paper, she seemed to realize at once that the happy playtime had gone forever. If there had been any hope left in her mind that the good times might return, it was effectually dispelled when, a little later, on the day of the great annual festival, she saw little Chin Wah ready to go with his grandfather to see the ceremonies. Little girls, and big ones, too, for that matter, always stayed at home; but it was a grand gala day for the boys. After the manner of his countrymen, Chin Wah was clad in a suit entirely new. Very wonderful, Li Po Ton thought it. Indeed, with his wide trousers of bright, green silk, his tunic of blue brocade, bound with white silk and covered with gold embroidery, his purple embroidered shoes, and the long skeins of red silk braided into his black queue, Chin Wah did cut a most remarkable figure, and looked very like one of the pretty butterflies he was fond of chasing. He caught sight of his little sister, and threw her another of his scornful glances. It was then she knew the barrier between them could never be crossed.

After that, she passed her time curled up on a cushion by her mother's side, learning to sew and to embroider. Her only pleasure was the hour she walked in the garden. Although she had no companion, and her poor feet could only hobble, yet the bright skies, the familiar blue river and the old cherry trees were restful to her sight, and filled her mind with something akin to peace and contentment.

One day, when she was twelve years old, her grandfather sent for her. She found him sitting cross-legged on the floor, opposite a strange man, who wore the most wonderful queue she had ever seen. As he sat on his cushion, it lay on the floor like a great snake, and seemed to reach half across the room. Both were smoking long pipes, and neither seemed to see her as she entered. She stood before them motionless and with downcast eyes. Without speaking, Chin Wah motioned her to stand nearer his guest. She could not tell why, but somehow this stranger, with his fierce black eyes, filled her with terror, and she felt that his presence boded her no good. Cold chills ran up and down her back as he tapped her on the head, examined her feet, felt of her arms, shoulders and legs.

'Pretty girl; good girl,' grunted Chin Wah.

Indeed, she was a pretty sight, with her plump, pink cheeks, soft black eyes, and delicate mouth, filled with sharp white teeth; but she had never heard this before.

'Ugh!' exclaimed the stranger, 'no good; too fat; too little.'

With another gesture from Chin Wah, Li Po Ton was sent from the room. What could it mean, this new mystery? She ran straight to her mother, and told her what had happened. But the mother knew nothing. She could guess, however. She knew how Chin Wah hated girls. She was familiar with his grasping disposition, and had heard his grumblings when he paid the marriage portion of each of his many daughters. It was not unlikely he thought to gain something from his grand-daughter, whom he had always treated with contempt. Gently as she could, she told the maiden what she feared it might mean, and together they wept. Disentangling herself from her mother's arms, Li Po crept back to the door of the reception room, and cautiously peeped within. The stranger was counting out a handful of money, and, as he did so, muttering between the puffs of his long pipe, 'Too much, too much!' With her heart filled with terror, Li Po Ton flew back to her mother, and fell at her feet in a spasm of agonized weeping.

Soon Chin Wah called her again, and, bidding her say good-bye to her mother, told her she was to go away with the stranger. Chinese children, of both sexes, are taught filial respect and obedience to a remarkable degree; and Li Po Ton had no thought to question whither she was going, or why. With a dull, heavy pain in her heart, she was placed in the palanquin by the side of the strange man. All day long they travelled, and the little girl sat as still as a mouse, speaking not a word. At night they went on board a boat. Li Po was put into a bunk, where, with her head buried in the blankets, she quietly cried herself to sleep. In a day or two they came in sight of a great city, and the noise and confusion, so new to her, abstracted her attention to the exclusion of her own misery. Then they were carried to the biggest ship she had ever seen, and she was put to bed in a berth, several feet from the floor. All around her were other passengers, and not a few girls near her own age, who seemed also to belong to the stranger. With these she might have found companionship; but soon the rocking of the ship sent them all to bed, and the dreadful sea-sickness made her forget all else. The time seemed interminable, with no one to comfort or say one word of cheer. She wondered in vain to what strange land she might be going, for the stranger guardian had never seen fit to give her any information as to her destination. Had she known how to pray, she would have prayed for death. As it was, she looked through the round port-hole windows at the rolling, foam-capped waves, and longed to bury all her sorrows beneath them forever.

Well might she make this wish, for Li Po Ton was a slave.

At last they came to land, and she was led down the gang-plank into a great crowd of shouting, noisy people. Some men, with a strange dress of blue cloth and brass buttons, hustled her into a dark, gloomy room, where there were many Chinamen and a few Chinese girls. There they stood, glancing timidly about them, with the same hunted look in their faces that she felt must be in her own. She longed to speak to them; perhaps they could tell her where they were; but she saw the fierce eyes of the stranger upon her, and she dared not.

There was a great deal of talking in a

strange language, a great many questions asked and answered, a showing of white tickets—all a mystery to her. Then she was hurried again into the street, and, with all the other girls, was seated in a queer vehicle, which whizzed along the streets, and stopped for people to get on and off. It all interested, but it terrified her. At last they got off the car, the stranger leading, or rather driving them down a dark, narrow alley. Here she felt more at home, for the people were her own countrymen, although they stared at them in an uncomfortable manner. The stranger led them into a long, low room, already crowded with Chinamen. No sooner were they inside than a big, fat man, whom the others called Wah Lee, shouted: 'Which is my girl?'

'This is the girl I bought for you,' said the stranger, as he pointed to Li Po Ton. 'Three hundred dollars is her price.'

After a thorough examination of her person, which satisfied him that she was sound and a good bargain, Wah Lee counted out the gold, and, taking the little girl by the hand, led her down the street.

Through alley after alley they passed, until they came to the door of a little tumble-down, dark-looking building. Wah Lee opened the door and thrust her inside, locking the door after her.

Here there were other women, her own China women. They came and took her by the hand, patted her on the back, smoothed her cheek, and looked into her eyes with sympathy. There were young girls like herself, and there was one woman who made her think of her own mother. The room was low and narrow. Bunks rested against the wall on one side. There was just room for three bunks from floor to ceiling, and just room for two tiers placed end to end. There were six bunks and six women. Between the bunks and the opposite wall was a space about three feet in width. The only furniture was six blue-painted wooden stools. There was a door, and one tiny square window, securely cross-barred with iron, like the windows of a penitentiary. It was no pleasure to look out at this window, for there was nothing but the dark alley to look into, enlivened only by an occasional passing Chinaman. As these passers-by never failed to stare through the iron bars to grin at them, there was no particular need of peering out for the sake of seeing them.

In response to the queries of these new friends, Li Po Ton related all the details of her journey, described her home and early life, and then plied them with the eager questions which for so long a time had been uppermost in her mind. 'Why are we here? What does it all mean?'

The women looked from one to another, and hesitated. Just then, Wah Lee brought in their supper of boiled cabbage and rice. Li Po Ton was hungry, and ate heartily. When her appetite was satisfied, the new master bade her climb to the top berth. Soon she was sleeping the sleep of the innocent, so sweetly and so soundly that whatever may have transpired in the little room that night, she knew nothing of it.

After breakfast the next morning, the master locked the door as usual, and went away. Seated upon their wooden stools again, there was nothing to do but talk. Little by little, the women acquainted the newcomer with her fate. They told her she would not be permitted to rest another night.

'But,' she said, 'can we not run away?'

'Run away?' one of the women replied. 'The door is always locked; and there is no place to go to. Besides, the master told us once of a woman who ran away, and when they found her they boiled her alive in hot lard.'

All day the little maid sat stupefied with horror.

Li Po Ton was one of the 1,200 Chinese women slaves in the city of San Francisco.

* * * * *

One night, at a late hour, the room was deserted. Her sisters in misery were asleep. She could hear their heavy breathing. Wah Lee had gone, leaving the door slightly ajar. It had never happened before. Hastily slipping on her tunic, and bunching up the blankets to look as if they covered her sleeping form, she climbed down to the floor. Outside, all was blackness, but voices could be heard at one end of the alley. Closing the door behind her, she stepped into the street, and in the shadow hurried away. On she went, she knew not and cared not where. Once her heart stood still, and a memory of the woman who had been boiled in lard flitted across her mind, as she found herself close to a group of Chinamen; but she slunk back into a dark corner, and held her breath. They passed by; and as fast as her poor deformed feet could carry her, she hurried on. Where could she go? What could she do? If only there could be some little dark corner, some forgotten spot, where no human being would ever look, she would hide there. To starve in peace was the boon she craved.

The darkness was lifting, and it would soon be morning. Not a moment must be lost. With feet racked with pain she turned a corner, and entered what seemed to be another dark alley. Hurrying on, she stumbled and fell prostrate to the ground. It was some time before she could rise, and when she did so the gray dawn of the coming day enabled her to see her surroundings. It was a rough enclosure, filled with all sorts of debris. Sitting on the ground she spied a little hole which seemed to invite her to enter. This might do. Creeping on her hands and knees, she crawled inside. It was an angle made by a hogshead, the fence and two ash barrels. A wide board partially covered the opening through which she had crawled. She placed it so that the opening was entirely concealed. Oh, if she could only know she was safe! She unbound her aching feet, and rubbed them smartly with her hands until they felt relieved. Then, lying down on the ground, with a block for a pillow, she fell asleep.

She was aroused once by voices near her hiding place. Not a breath or movement betrayed her. How still she was, her eyes starting from her head, her cheek paled with fright! Poor hunted thing! Then voices came again. This time they had been preceded by the rumbling of a big waggon. It was the scavenger who had come to carry away the ashes. The barrels were moved. She was discovered, lying there with her face buried in her hands. She had fainted.

When she recovered consciousness, she was lying in a clean, white bed, and a kindly-faced woman was bending anxiously over her. Fortunately her feet had led her to the very door of the 'Home for the Friendless'; and if ever there was a creature who needed such protection, it was little Li Po Ton. The woman at her side was Mrs. Miller, the matron. But the little Chinese girl was afraid of Americans. She had suffered so cruelly in their land, she thought they must all be wicked. She turned her face away and wept bitterly. Food was brought, but she would not eat.

An interpreter was sent for, a German, who had lived many years in China, and who was renowned among tourists as the best guide to the Chinese quarters in the city. He was supposed to know every Chinaman or China woman in 'Frisco; but Li Po Ton was a new-comer, and he did not know her. It was a long time before she could place confidence enough in his friendship to tell him anything; but at last, in response to his kind and gentle questions, she told him the story of her life. Every word was translated to Mrs. Miller, and Li Po Ton was assured she should have every care, and need suffer no fear of Wah Lee.

Somehow, a knowledge of her presence there leaked out. The Chinese master heard the rumor, and speedily a writ of habeas corpus was issued to command Mrs. Miller to produce her charge in court the next morning. Here was a dilemma. A lawyer was consulted, but he could offer little consolation. Wah Lee, he said, would probably bring Chinese friends enough to prove the girl was his wife, and the court would give her back to him.

The interpreter was sent for again, and, as gently as possible, Mrs. Miller tried to explain the court, and the law, and the possible outcome. But what did Li Po Ton know of American courts and habeas corpus acts? She understood nothing of what was said, except that she would see Wah Lee the next day, and perhaps would have to go away with him again. She ate no supper, and went to bed at an early hour. Before retiring, the matron stepped into her room. She seemed to be sleeping soundly. The next morning she looked at her again. Something strange in her appearance made her touch the girl's cheek. It was cold. She turned down the blankets. The bed was saturated with blood, and a pen-knife, belonging to the matron, was plunged into her heart. Poor, hunted, wronged Li Po Ton! She had at last found liberty in death.

This story was published in the 'Woman's Journal,' with the following editorial comment:

'This story will be regarded by some critics as too painful for publication. The all-sufficient reason and justification for it is summed up in its title—A True Story. As John Stuart Mill's wife said to her daughter, "My dear, what other people have to endure, you can at least bear to know about." The incident actually took place, during Mrs. Chapman's stay in San Francisco; and it is but one such occurrence out of many. It must also be remembered that the cruelties described are committed in San Francisco and other cities contrary to law, and by the connivance of the police and the city authorities. If these officials depended for their re-election upon a constituency half of whom were women, there would be a sharp and speedy end to such abuses. Women who have all the rights they want should consider that there are other women who have not all the rights they want, and should "remember those in bonds as bound with them."'

From Distant China.

'Yes, Jack, I think we shall like them,' said my sister Winnie, thinking of her cousins, but looking at a large box sent to us from China in their charge.

'I shall certainly like to see what is in the box, and as soon as possible,' I answered, tapping it with my boot.

'But not to-night, children. Charlie and Etta are too tired this evening, and you must go to bed at once,' interrupted mother as she passed us and hurried upstairs to look after her new charges, leaving us rather disappointed in the hall.

I must tell you that Etta and Charlie had

been sent over to us for a long visit by their father, who is a missionary in China; they are nearly our own age, and we are to have lessons together. We have been expecting them for some weeks, and now they have come, bringing with them the curious foreign box, we were examining when mother sent us to bed.

You can imagine how early we came down next morning to look again at the outside of that big box; how we hurried over our breakfast and gave mother little or no peace, until, with hammer and chisel, she stood in the hall ready to open our chest. Then how delightful was the sound of the chisel as it cracked the wood! What a whiff of spicy shavings we got, and how eager we felt as we saw package after package, in which were Chinese boxes, gongs, teapots of inlaid metal holding little more than one teacup full, pieces of beautiful stuffs, and then, a smaller box, with parcels for Winnie and for me!

When mother uncovered these we saw beautifully carved figures in white wood no taller than my middle finger—'models,' mother read, 'to show you how the natives look in distant China.'

'Now,' said mother, 'while I do the work of arranging, Etta and Charlie must do the talking and act as showmen. Now, Etta, as you are the elder, please begin.' And she held up the first figure under her hand.

'That,' said Etta, 'is how the women sell fish in the streets. There is a pole put across the shoulder quite twice as long as the carrier, and on each end of this rod is tied a basket, so the fish seller is always clean and neat; she lets neither the fish nor the baskets rub against her clothes.'

'Thank you, Etta, Now,' said mother, carefully lifting up another; 'here is a really lovely one; explain, please, Charlie.'

'That,' he began, 'is "Going a-fishing." Mother liked it best of all, and said she would send it to her godchild, Winnie.'

'Catching fish!' said Winnie. 'Why, how can birds catch fish?'

'That is just it. The man you see, has a long, narrow raft, or perfectly flat-bottomed boat made of stems of bamboo, and on it he goes with his cranes—you know they are long-legged wading birds, very easily tamed, with a shrill voice like a peacock's. Before he lets them go into the water he fastens a chain around the neck of the first bird, passes it on round the neck of the second and so on until he has all under control and each has a collar round its neck formed by the fine chain. The birds wade into the river and catch fish.'

'Silly birds not to swallow them.'

'Not so foolish as you think,' laughed Charlie, 'for the chain around their necks is arranged loosely enough to let them swallow all the small fish; but so tightly that all over a certain size stick in their throats, and these the man easily takes from them.'

'That is wonderful,' said mother, it is indeed a beautiful little model. The chain, I suppose, is not put in as it could not be made fine enough; but look how beautifully the birds are carved out of black wood, while the rest is white, and see the wonderful cloak the man is wearing.'

'That, auntie, is made of thin reeds, — you see it is quite waterproof; and close to him is the round basket into which he puts the fish as he takes them from the cranes. One little fellow is tired, he is sitting down; the fisher puts little pieces of bamboo for them to rest on.'

'No workman in this country could carve such a thing.'

'Yet, they are not at all expensive, and a great many people in China can make them quite easily,' said Etta; 'and I think the long rod in his hand is to guide the birds and make them go where he wishes. See his funny hat, high in the crown and broad in the leaf, acting both as an umbrella and a sunshade; for, of course, such a fisher lives on the banks of rivers and in marshy swamps, where there is plenty of rain as well as heat.'

'There is one for me,' said George, our youngest brother, who by this was rather tired of the cranes and had just spelled out the letters of his name upon one of the packages.

'Father said that George would like a boat,' said Etta; 'and that is just a kind of long ferryboat for passengers, only the Chinaman rows one oar with one hand, steers with the other hand, and rows the second oar with a foot.'

'He is ingenious,' said mother, 'and he does the work of two Englishmen. Now, George, you will spoil that boat if you swim it in the bath—but here is a model for me. I am glad to see, Etta, that your mother remembers me; these figures are so very curious, I should be sorry to be left out, so tell me what sort of a conveyance this is—neither a bicycle nor a motor car.'

'Something very like a wheelbarrow, auntie, only easier to upset. Look, there is only one wheel, which runs up the centre, and then these two flat side-pieces, on which the passengers sit, leaning upon the cover of the wheel. It generally holds two people. Here we have a little man and a woman, one on each side; they are balanced by the packages. The man seems to be the heavier, as he has his leg down, as if to push it back if it topples to his side, or perhaps to give an occasional push to help it along.'

'How very awkward to arrange a light woman and a very big, heavy man so that it will not fall over,' said mother. 'It is not a very fast way of getting along, either, but how pleasant to be in a country for a little while where no one is in a hurry, though I should rather pity the poor coachman or wheelman, or whatever he is, trudging along over rutty streets under such a load, while I was perched up in front holding a nice large umbrella over my head. After all, give me electric trams.'

'Well, auntie,' laughed Etta, 'you may pity the wheeler, but what do you think of this poor fellow—do you not pity him? He has done something wrong, and for a punishment his crime is written on two boards which are fastened by bolts round his neck so that his head is in the most uncomfortable position, and he has to stay so, for as many hours as his sentence lasts, walking about the streets with every one pointing and laughing at him. See how careful they are to put his pigtail up on the board; you know a Chinaman values and is very fond of it, so that it is treated with respect even while he is punished. They call that 'getting face,' and it is so common a punishment that the English out there say of anyone who is getting laughed at, "Oh, leave him alone, he is getting face."'

'This sketch, auntie, is also for you,' said Charlie, 'it is from a photograph of a very grand lady's feet; here is a real pair of her shoes, not quite three inches long, and so pointed that a new-born baby's foot could not possibly fit into them. When a Chinese baby girl of high rank is about three weeks old, the foot is doubled down, so that the heel and toes meet; then it is bandaged so tightly that the foot never can grow any larger. Here in the sketch is mother's shoe beside the feet of a high-born Chinawoman; and at the other side you see a teacup, into which these shoes you are holding could easily fit.'

'But that is too horrible,' said mother. 'I think, after seeing that, we had better all go into the open air and have a good race in the fields, and I must now write and tell your father and mother, Etta, that we all thank them very much indeed for the glimpses they have given us of Distant China.'

The League Travelling Club.

(Pleasant E. Todd, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

We all have our preferences in reading. With Mary Arnold, whenever she took up book or magazine, almost instinctively she turned to the subject of travel. Perhaps the very confinement of her life—for she was a stenographer, with the burden of her mother's support as well as her own depending upon the activity of her slim fingers—made her imagination more vivid and her insight clearer for these pictured scenes. And somehow of late almost every book she read had as a side issue some testimony to the value and success of missions. Not alone Julian Hawthorne's admiring tribute to the part missionaries had taken in starving India, nor Isabella Bird Bishop's estimate of their influence in Korea, nor Stanley's plea for Africa, but in all sorts of unexpected quarters she found approving mention of their work.

As her interest in this advance guard of Christianity grew she realized that it was not shared by any member of the league. She would mention persons or places that had become familiar to her only to meet the blank look of indifference or ignorance. Often she would bring as her quota to the league the story of some deed of Christian daring or devotion, or of some wonderful success that had thrilled her own soul.

'Mary,' asked Katherine Lee one day, 'where do you find all that you know about missions? So much, I mean, that is interesting. When I take up the church papers I see the letters from missionaries, but I am afraid I skip them. They look dry.'

'They would be intensely interesting,' answered Mary, 'if only we could read between the lines. That is, if we knew enough about their surroundings to place them in their proper setting. I was reading a letter the other day from Mary Reed, bright, cheery and brave, yet not noticeably so had I not already known something of her life. When I thought of her living among those terrible lepers, isolated and with the shadow of the awful disease over her, then her words became heroic. If we could only come into personal touch with our workers abroad and understand the obstacles in their way, the loneliness of their lives and their joy in success, I am sure our hearts would go out to them more than they do.'

'I have no doubt of it,' said Katherine, 'but how is it to be brought about?'

It was because Mary believed she had found an answer to this question that she rose one evening in a literary meeting of the league and asked:

'Would it not be well if the league this winter made a tour of the principal missionary stations of our church?'

It was a surprising proposition, and for a moment there was silence, then some one said, 'None of us are millionnaires.'

'The way of travel,' said Mary, 'costs little save time and labor, and I think we would enjoy it, for we would escape all the heat and weariness of the way, yet at the end of the journey we shall feel that we have entered into a wider world. I want to travel on paper. How much do we really know about India or China or Korea? Can we realize the filth and degradation of Pe-

kin or the desolation of the treeless, unpaved streets of a native Chinese town, destitute of churches, schools or hospitals? I was reading yesterday of Benares. Dr. Barrows says that the picture of the humanity that lines the river banks of that city is like to a madman's dream, but can any of you tell me why? Do we know anything of the thraldom of the women of Egypt or the savage life of Africa. Of course I do not mean to take up only the horrors. What I want is to see not only the curious and beautiful things of these foreign lands, but also to find out what life means there, then we shall be able to estimate the brightness which a mission station represents.'

'For my part,' said Isabel Withrow, who had just graduated from college, 'I know nothing at all about these things. Of course we took up history and geography, but we had no time for details. I have been planning a course of reading in travel for this winter, and think it would be charming to do it in company and with a definite object. But we must have some sort of an itinerary. What is your idea, Mary?'

'I thought of forming the league into a club, have each member pay a small fee and with the money buy books and magazines. From these we could glean material for good papers to be written in turn by the members. The papers do not necessarily require to deal only with the missionary stations in work ,but ought to give some clear idea of the places together with the history and habits of the people.'

'I don't like writing essays,' grumbled Ward Green.

'You are planning a lot of hard work for us, Mary,' said Esther Grey; 'we will never carry it out.'

'The leagues was organized for work, not fun,' answered Isabel, 'and we have not made a very good record as yet. What can we show for the past year? But if Mary will take the lead, I will do all I can to help make the club a success.'

This work that Mary undertook meant a certain self-sacrifice to her. Because of it she had to give up many social evenings and deny herself recreation, while she spent the long hours pouring over books, magazines and papers.' She laid tribute not only upon the public library, but upon the libraries of her friends, selecting here a fine description, there a touch of humor, from one facts and statistics, from another historical associations or the heartery of a worker. Assigning to a member of the league some particular station, she would give with it references for the necessary data. Isabel Withrow wrote the first paper, and touched the keynote so wisely and so well that success was assured. She did not pretend to be altogether original, but coolly appropriated whole passages, interweaving into the story of the mission odd little adventures to members of the league and bright descriptions of what a traveller would see on the way. The overland route had been chosen, the first stop being in Rome, and as she guided the league through the streets and introduced it to the mission there, she felt that she herself had gained a clearer knowledge of the way than she had dreamed possible.

Those who followed her quickly fell in with the plan. Material seemed to accumulate. Is it not always the case that when we become interested in any particular subject, we are constantly coming across information in that particular line? The members were continually bringing in something for the general fund of information. It might be a single item clipped from a paper, the report of a lecture, a long descriptive article or a picture. Maps and Baedeckers were purchased or borrowed. While keeping the main object in view, they managed to take little side excursions. Can you wonder if they were tempted to take a bicycle trip along the beautiful road between Calcutta and Lahore, or to visit that pearl of architecture, the Taj Mahal, or that they lingered by the pyramids? So eager did the leaguers become that they would beg to know their assignments weeks beforehand, in order to have time to think them up. Ward Green, forgetting that he hated writing, wrote to the missionary of the station assigned him and was repaid by a bright letter with much interesting data. Others followed his lead, thus bringing their church into personal contact with these outposts of civilization, and forming bonds of sympathy that sent new cheer into more than one lonely and almost discouraged heart.

So the club flourished, travelling so deliberately that the years passed with the itinerary unfinished and lengthening, and the league grew, not in numbers only, but in intelligence also. The missionary appropriation of the church was always overpaid. Earnest prayers were offered for special missions.

A Man-Eating Tiger's Exploits.

(By the Rev. D. Hutton, of Mirzapur, India.)

Not long ago I was traveling to Dudhi, the out-station of our mission at Mirzapur. It is a hundred miles to the south-east, and a great part of the road lies through hilly country covered with forest, or jungle as we call it. For thirty-two miles after crossing the River Sone, the track—for it scarcely deserves the name of road—passes over a jumble of low hills, with deep ravines, through which in the rainy season torrents rush and roar, although it is only in deep pools that the water remains during the cold and hot seasons. It is in these ravines, densely wooded, that many wild animals make their home. Tigers, bears, leopards, panthers, wild dogs, hyenas, etc., are all found in the stretch of wild country between the Sone and Dudhi. Well, before I reached the Sone I heard that there was a man-eating tiger prowling about in a ravine five or six miles on the other side of the river. He was reported to have killed six or seven people, his last victim being the post runner, or harkara. From the nearest railway station the post is carried in this part of the country by runners. Each man carries the bag six miles, and generally waits to take back the return post. There are five of these runners between the Sone and Dudhi. A runner does not always keep to the beaten track, but often takes short cuts through the forest, and besides a bamboo stick with a few iron rings, on which the letter bag is slung and carried over his shoulder, he always has a bright, sharp axe, which he knows how to use with skill and effect, not only on the jungle, but on any animal that may cross his path. On inquiry I found that the post runner had just given up the post bag to the runner who takes it on the third stage, and was returning to his house by a foot-track through the jungle. It must have been in the heart of the jungle that the tiger sprang upon him, for no cry was heard and no alarm was given.

As the man did not return to his home, a careful search was made, but only his head-cloth (pugari) and a few bones were found to indicate how the poor fellow had met his end. Of course, there was great excitement and a good deal of consternation, seeing that this was said to be the seventh or eighth victim. When I arrived in Dudhi, the magistrate and collector, who was down there at the time, and who is a keen sportsman, having in the course of his cold-weather tour in that part of the country killed nine tigers, was anxious to hear all I could tell him about this horrid man-eating tiger. He started for the spot next day, and arranged for a hunt, but the wily tiger was not to be so easily caught. The noise and uproar of the hunt seem to have frightened him a little, and for some days nothing was heard of him, nor were his whereabouts known. He was not far off, however, and was soon back at his old and uncanny trade again. In a little over a fortnight I was back at the camping ground on the banks of the Sone, and there I heard a story about this same tiger which shocked and astonished me. It seems that on the very day we were passing, not far from the place where the post runner had been killed, the tiger had seized a man, who, with his wife and little boy, was cutting wood in the forest. The people who live in these jungles belong to the different aboriginal tribes, who, though they have many superstitious notions about tigers, yet move about these far-stretching lonely forests with a great deal of freedom and fearlessness. The man was a Chero—one of these aboriginal tribes—and, as the story was told to me, the tiger seized him by the neck and bore him to the ground. One can imagine what a fright the poor woman and the little boy must have got, but they did not lose their presence of mind altogether, and love made them brave. The woman seized one of the tiger's hind legs and tried to drag it off her husband, while the plucky little fellow began to pelt stones at the tiger's head. This was a strange and unaccustomed sort of attack for 'Master Stripes,' and, stranger still, he quitted his hold and made off into the jungle. The unfortunate man, however, died. His neck had been broken and his spine injured and the doctor, who was bathing not far from the place, could do nothing.—From 'News from Afar.'

How It Will Seem.

How it will seem, when I bello'd Thee
My precious Saviour, as Thou art;
In Heav'n, where countless throngs enfold Thee,
And from Thy face no more depart;
How it will seem, when, left behind me,
The rugged pathway I have trod;
The daily toils and tasks assigned me—
No tongue can tell, my Lord and God!

How it will seem, when, dear ones meeting,
Still mine, although long I st to earth;
Beyond earth's changing scenes and fleeting,
Where joys eternal have their birth;
To drink life's waters, overflowing,
To sit a conqueror on Thy throne,
To pluck life's fruit, new life bestowing,
No eye hath seen no thought hath known.

How it will seem, my sins forgiven,
My follies gone, my doubts and fears,
To plant my timid feet in Heaven,
The heir of Thine eternal years.
How it will seem! It all amazes!
The thought that it will come to me;
My voice commingled with the praises,
Like incense round the crystal sea!

How it will seem! Earth's dream all vanished,
And, like night's vision, fled away,
When every gloomy cloud is banished,
And reigns serene and perfect day.
How it will seem! No tongue discloses;
To mortal sense, 'tis now concealed;
The soul that on God's Word reposes,
To Him it has been all revealed.

—President J. E. Ruskin, Howard University

The Little Girl Who Learnt From Fverything.

(Continued from Last Week..)

By this time they had come to a fallow field, which a man was ploughing with a yoke of oxen.

'How stupid,' said Minnie, 'these poor oxen look. Horses are much prettier than bullocks. Can I learn anything from them?'

'I want you to find out for yourself,' said her mother.

'They look very dull and melancholy,' said Minnie. 'You do not wish me to learn to be melancholy, But they are also very industrious. 'Ah! that is the thing; I can learn from them to be industrious. That will be a very good lesson. And I have thought of another thing; they are very patient. I may learn to be patient. You know that is a very good thing. You sometimes say I want patience very much.'

'You do, indeed,' said mamma, laughing.

'I wonder what will come next,' said the lively child. 'Oh, there is the baker's cart; I cannot gain anything from that. There is the squire's carriage. What pretty horses! And there is old farmer Blake, with the grey pony. All these are of no use to me.'

As they were now in the high-road, they were rather annoyed by the dust, of which Minnie complained.

'This is a good time to put into practice the lesson you learnt just now from the poor bullocks,' said mamma.

Minnie, being in a very happy temper, laughed and said it would be, and complained no more of the dust.

When they came to the entrance of the village they met a poor boy walking on crutches, he having lost one leg. As soon as Minnie saw him, she said to her mamma, 'Look at poor James Hill; is it not a shocking thing that he was obliged to have his leg cut off? Oh, I could never, never have borne it.'

'Do you know how it happened that he was obliged to lose it?' said mamma.

'Oh, yes, nurse told me all about it. He would ride after the hounds, though his papa had expressly forbidden him; and the pony fell, and hurt him so much that the doctors were obliged to cut off his leg, or he would have died. How sorry he must be that he did not mind what his papa said. I must not learn from him, because it was so wicked. Oh, yes, I see what you are thinking, mamma,' said she as she looked up in her mother's face; 'I can learn from him, too. I can learn what a dangerous thing it is to be disobedient.'

'You can, my love; and I pray God that the lesson may sink deep into your heart.'

They had now come to the cottage they were to call at; and on going in, Minnie felt very much disgusted at its disorderly and dirty appearance. Her mother did not make her visit long, and they were both glad to get out of the wretched place. As they walked to the next house they were going to, Minnie said: 'How very poor those people must be whom you have just been to see. Why did you not give them some money, mamma?'

'What makes you think them so very poor, my dear?'

'Why, it was such a very dirty place, and the woman and children were all in rags,' said Minnie.

'They are not so poor as many very clean and tidy people. The man earns good wages; and I did not give them money because they would only waste it. I carried the tart for the poor sick child because its appetite is bad, and it longs for such things. It would be no charity else.'

On coming out of the next cottage, Minnie expressed her delight at its clean, neat appearance, and said how beautiful old Mrs. Carter looked in her white cap and apron, which looked as if they had just been put on. 'I cannot think she is so poor as the others, mamma.'

'But she is a great deal poorer, I can assure you, my dear,' said Mrs. Leslie. 'What makes her look so comfortable is her neatness and industry.'

'Well,' said Minnie, 'I will learn from her to be very neat and careful of my things. I cannot learn anything from those other dirty people.'

'Yes, you can, my child,' said her mother. 'You may see in them the evil consequences of untidy, wasteful habits, and so be incited to avoid them. You sometimes grumble when nurse insists upon your putting your things away carefully, as I have desired you should always do; or when I reprove you for spoiling your clothes. When you are tempted to be vexed again at these things, think of Atkins's cottage, and be afraid of becoming like them.'

When they finished all they had to do in the village, they turned homewards. As they walked along the lane, Minnie saw on the ground two or three very choice flowers, which seemed to have been dropped from a bouquet. She picked them up, and walked beside her mother, admiring them. At last she said, 'These are very pretty, but they are of no use to me. I cannot learn anything from them.'

'Many lessons might be learned from them,' said her mother, 'but perhaps they would be beyond my little girl's comprehension.'

'I cannot think of any,' said Minnie, 'for flowers do nothing but look pretty. And I cannot make myself look pretty. You know Aunt Carpenter said one day, that I was not pretty at all.'

'You cannot alter your features, my dear, I know,' said her mamma, 'but there is a way in which you may even make yourself look pretty.'

'Is there?' said the child, wonderingly, 'What can it be? do tell me.'

'When a little girl,' said Mrs. Leslie, 'has a cheerful, kind expression on her face, it little matters what her features are. Goodness is the most beautiful thing in the world; and a countenance which strongly expresses goodness must always be pleasing. Now you can be good. You can try and check all angry and unkind tempers, and cultivate carefully a dutiful, affectionate, cheerful state of mind. If you do this, and persevere in it, your face will wear the impression of your inward feelings,and will become sweet and calm. Do you at all understand me?'

'A little, mamma. You know Jessie Lambert always looks cross and disagreeable; and nurse says that is no wonder, for she is always fretting and quarrelling.'

'Well, then, do you try and imitate the flowers. Be good and kind, and you will look so; and that will be far better than having even the long curls you so much admire in Mary Jones.'

'I should like to be good, always good,' said Minnie, 'but I can't. It's so hard, so very hard, never to do anything naughty. And you

know, mamma,' she added, after some moments' silence, 'the Bible says there is nobody quite good.'

'True, dear; but the Bible tells us how we may become good. It tells us that our kind Saviour will give us his Holy Spirit to help us to be good.'

'But may little children like me ask him for it?'

'Yes, my dear; Jesus loves little children. You know when he lived upon earth he took them in his arms and blessed them, and was displeased because his disciples wished to keep them from coming to Him. He is as kind and merciful now as he was then.'

'Will you help me to pray to him for the Holy Spirit?' said Minnie, 'I don't know what to say.'

'Willingly, dearest child,' said her mother, 'we will begin this very day.'

THE END.

The Cigarette Boy.

(By Ella M. Guernsey.)

'A German boy not long from the 'Fatherland,' and present resident in a western city, lately joined a Sunday-school class taught by an earnest Christian woman who takes a personal interest in each one of her boys. One Sunday afternoon she sat in her own home talking with her son, Fred. She inquired, 'Fred, did you notice the new boy in my class this morning? He is a foreigner, I think. He speaks English with difficulty.'

'That new boy? Oh, yes. That is Fritz Lund, the cigarette boy.'

'The cigarette boy? I am sorry to know he smokes cigarettes. He seems so earnest and whole-hearted that I was impressed.'

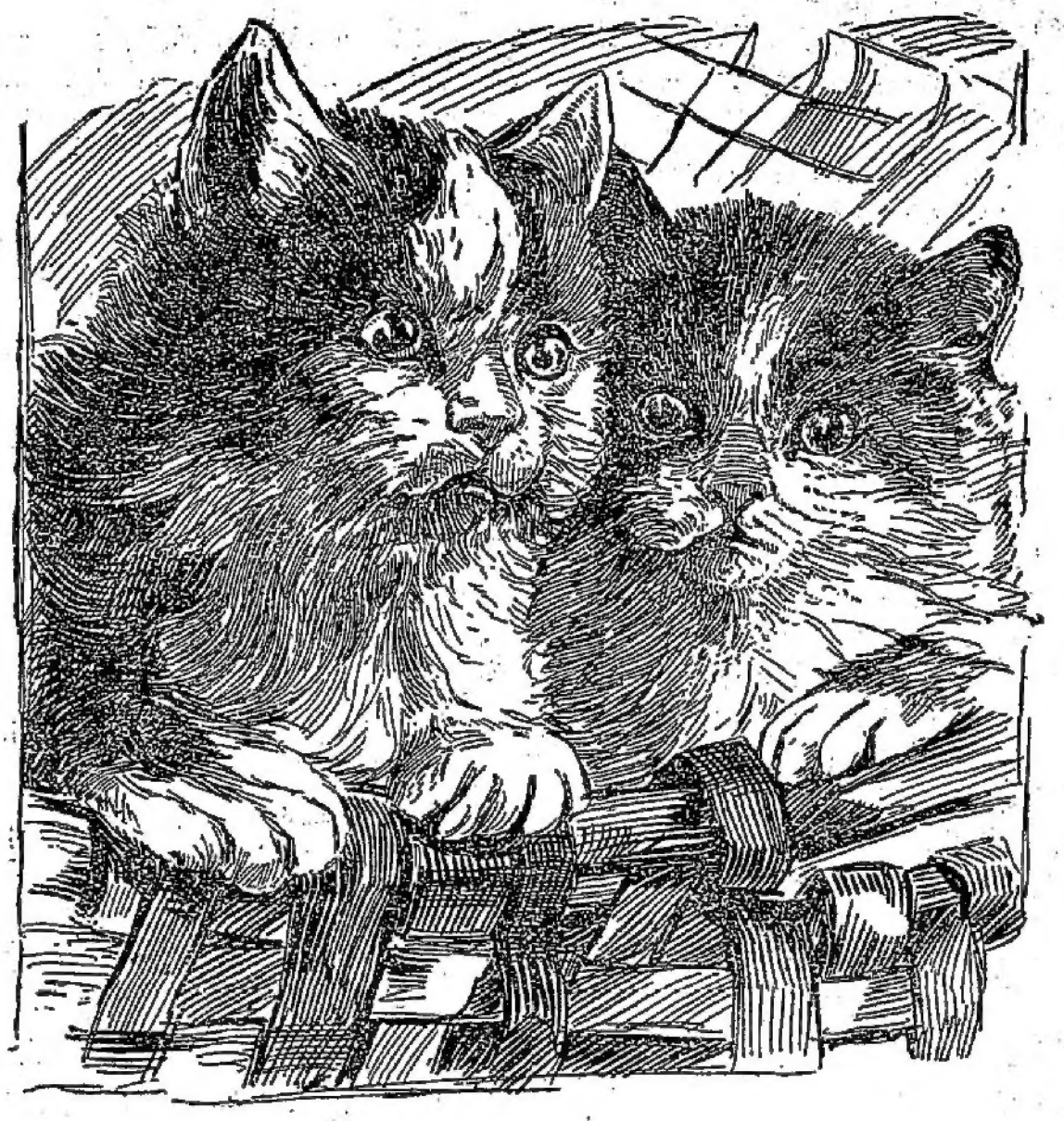
'Fritz Lund smoke cigarettes? Not he, indeed,' exclaimed Fred Morton. 'I pity the tobacco and beer traffic if every boy was like Fritz Lund. He fights beer and tobacco hard. I heard some of the boys talking about him to-day. He is the only Christian in the big boarding-house that a number of the factory boys board in. At the noon hour the boys in the factory where Fritz works get beer and cigarettes. The very first day he saw them smoking he went about taking the cigarettes from each boy, telling them how wrong and harmful smoking is, and he dashes out on the floor the beer in a pitcher. The boys thought he was crazy he was so much in earnest. Then they were angry and resented his interference, but he just kept right on fighting the cigarettes and drinks, and now the boys seldom smoke in Fritz's presence.'

'Fritz fights to some purpose it seems,' said Mrs. Morton. 'I should not think him quarrelsome.'

'He isn't quarrelsome. He is kind and pleasant, only when the boys smoke and drink, and that rouses him to fight the sin and wrong. He hates both smoking and drinking and doesn't keep still about it. He goes right at a fellow saying, "You will do yourself a harm mit dat cigarette and I must prevent you."'

Mrs. Morton smiled a little as Fred told of Fritz Lund's method of fighting wrong. She realized the value of an earnest worker for good and right, and saw in Fritz future power when he should have learned how to better direct his earnest efforts against destroying vices. We are frequently reminded of Fred Morton's words, 'I pity the tobacco and beer traffic if all the boys fought it as Fritz Lund fights. He fights with might and main.'

If an untrained boy, ignorant of our customs, by his earnestness was able to win the respect of his fellow workers, our Christian and temperance boys and girls should gain the inspiration to never permit one opportunity to pass by to help in a practical way the temperance work. It is by littles and persistent trying all great work is done.—('Union Signal,' Chicago.')



THE LESSON OF THE KITTENS

They cannot purr, they cannot play,
Till they are stroked the proper way,
And not when rudely smitten;
But if we open friendly laps
And give a casual kiss and scraps,
How good will be each kitten!

What if we suffer shame and wrong
Or carry bitter burdens long,
And sometimes, too, are cheated?
Still let us in our little day
Just rub each other the right way,
And purr when kindly treated.

Ah! every scratch, though in the dark,
Leaves on our souls the saddest mark,
And not on those we've smitten;
But every blow should be for good,
In common blessed brotherhood—
If man is more than kitten!

—F. W. O. Ward, in 'Day of Days.'

LESSON IX.—AUGUST 26.

Jesus the Good Shepherd.

John x., 1-16. Memory verses, 9-11. Read Ps. xxiii., and John x., 1-21.

Daily Readings.

M. the Fold. Jn x., 1-10.
T. Shepherd, Jn. x., 11-18.
W. Division. Jn. x., 19-33.
T. Shepherds. Ezk. xxxiv., 1-31.
F. His Flock. Isa. xl., 1-11.
S. The Lord. Ps. xxiii., 1-6.

Golden Text.

'The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep.'—John x., 11.

Lesson Text.

(1) Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. (2) But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. (3) To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice; and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. (4) And when he putteth forth his own sheep he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. (5) And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him for they know not the voice of strangers. (6) This parable spake Jesus unto them: but they understood not what things they were which he spake unto them. (7) Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep. (8) All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers, but the sheep did not hear them. (9) I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture. (10) The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. (11) I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. (12) But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth: and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep. (13.) The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep. (14) I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. (15) As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father; and I lay down my life for the sheep. (16) And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.

Suggestions.

The Lord is my Shepherd. Jesus contrasted the conduct of the good shepherd and the false shepherds or hirelings, those who cared for the sheep only for the pay they might receive. Such shepherds were the Pharisees who instead of protecting the sheep were ready to cast them out of the fold on the slightest provocation. But Jesus receives the cast out ones and protects them with his own life.

The good shepherd enters the fold by the door of obedience to God and authority from him. Those who try to become shepherds from false motives are thieves and robbers, despoiling the flock instead of feeding them. The true shepherd speaks to the heart of his sheep, to each one separately with a tender individual love. The true shepherd leads his flock, he does not drive them. He does not ask them to go anywhere that he has not first been himself. When we follow the Lord Jesus we may have to go through places of danger and great difficulty and trouble, but he leads the way, and he is with us. He suffered for us greater agony than we can ever suffer, he was tempted in every way as we are, he has gone before us into every experience through which we may pass.

The Lord Jesus is the door for the sheep to enter the sheepfold. Only through him can any one enter the kingdom of heaven and find God. The door is wide—wide enough for every seeking soul to enter, but narrow—so narrow that not one sin can be carried in. Beyond the door are green pastures of safety and peace and sweet waters of joy and satisfaction. The door is open to all who seek it sincerely and with their whole hearts, those who have entered the door and found salvation may go in and out, under the shepherd's care and seek for the straying sheep and bring the little lambs to the open door of the shepherd's love. The saved soul has great responsibilities, he must go with the Saviour to seek for the lost and straying ones, he must be ready to say, The Lord has saved me, he will certainly save you.

The Lord Jesus came to give life, abundant, overflowing, everlasting life, to all who would accept it. The life which he gives is not a bare existence, it is abounding vitality, more than enough. Jesus came to give his own life for his sheep, he died that we might live with him through eternity, he lives that we may live by his strength day by day.

The lamb is in the fold,
Secure and safely penned:
The lion once had hold
And thought to make an end;
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

A hireling is one who takes the shepherd's place merely for the sake of the reward, but the true shepherds must be supported by the offerings of their flock. That is, a minister should not work for a salary, but he should work for God and his people should support him so that he may give his time and strength to the care of their souls. A man who cares more for money or pleasure than he does for the souls around him is not fit to be entrusted with God's work, he cannot be a true shepherd, if danger came he would save himself instead of his flock. A true shepherd is ready at any time to lay down his life for his sheep, and constantly gives his life's best powers to caring for them. The wolves that come to devour the flock are persecutions, heresies, strifes, worldliness.

Lesson Hymn.

The King of love my Shepherd is,
His goodness faileth never:
I nothing lack since I am His,
And He is mine forever.

Where streams of living waters flow,
Thy ransomed soul He leadeth:
And where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill,
With Thee dear Lord beside me:
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy cross before to guide me.

And so through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never:
Kind Shepherd may I sing Thy praise
Within Thy courts forever!

C. E. Topic.

Aug. 26.—Ministering to Christ. Matt. xxv., 31-46.

Junior C. E Topic.

MINISTERING IN CHRIST'S BEHALF.

Mon., Aug. 20.—To children. Mark ix., 41.

Tues., Aug. 21.—To strangers. Deut. x., 18, 19.

Wed., Aug. 22.—To the hungry. Isa. lviii., 10.

Thu., Aug. 23.—To the troubled. II. Cor. i., 4.

Fri., Aug. 24.—Learn to do good. Titus iii., 14.

Sat., Aug. 25.—Spread His truth. I. Kings xxii., 14.

Sun., Aug. 26.—Topic—How can we minister to Christ? Matt. xxv., 31-46.

A Praying Sunday School.

(Amos R. Wells, in S.S. 'Times.')

I wonder that this exercise is so seldom fixed upon the children's attention and interest by their own vocal participation in it. Indeed, it is not always that the school is able to repeat the Lord's Prayer together with the freedom and force born of long custom. The school may easily be taught to chant the Lord's Prayer, and that may be made most genuine praying. There are many suitable short Bible prayers that children might learn to say together, such as 'Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.' Indeed, there are many prayer-psalms that could be learned entire, the concert repetition of which would greatly enrich the Sunday-school hour.

Then there is the hymn-book. If it is a good one it contains many beautful prayer-hymns. Let the scholars all bow their heads and sing softly. Miss Havergal's tender consecration hymn, or 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' and you will find all hearts indeed drawn nearer heaven. Occasionally let the school read together one of these same hymns, also with their heads bowed.

And, by the way,—though it deserves more than a 'by the way'—insist on the bowing of the head,—not that the attitude is important in itself, but the reverence that the attitude arouses is of the highest importance. Wait till all heads are bowed before you begin the prayer, or permit another to begin it. The half-minute of quiet or semi-quiet needed to gain this end, is not ill-bestowed. Moreover, I should strongly advise you to go one step farther, and, once in a while, have the entire school go down on their knees. This, the normal attitude of prayer, the children should be taught to assume in public, at least so often that it will not seem to them forced or unnatural.

Have you tried silent prayer? A blessed exercise it is, and one the children will love. Ask them to bend their heads or kneel and then in perfect silence to pray for their teachers, pastor, or their dear ones at home, or some sick scholar. After a minute, the superintendent will tenderly add a few closing sentences of vocal prayer.

And have you tried a chain prayer—a prayer started by a leader who will also close it, to which ten or twenty of the scholars contribute sentences of praise or petition? You will be astonished to see how many of the scholars will join in these prayers,—you will be astonished, that is, unless you are familiar with the training along this line so nobly accomplished in our modern young people's religious societies.

Still another way to obtain the scholars' careful heed to the prayer is to establish a form with which the superintendent will always begin his opening prayer, and which the entire school will repeat with him. The opening sentences of the Lord's Prayer may be used for such a purpose. Then, at the close of the prayer, after 'for Jesus sake,' let all the scholars say 'Amen.'

An occasional Sunday-school prayer-meeting, held for ten minutes at the close of the lesson-hour, will do much to inspire in the school a deeper spirit of worship; that is, if the scholars themselves take part, and not the teachers only. And these Sunday-school prayer-meetings are magnificent opportunities for drawing the net. Hold them in a small room, that nearness may warm the coals of devotion to a glow. Do not hold them too frequently to be burdensome. Keep them brief and earnest. Let the teachers work for them in their classes, and use them as tests for their teaching. Above all, expect conversions in them, and, if you are faithful and faith-filled, you will get them.

This use of the scholar in the devotions of the school should be extended to the home. The superintendent may ask the scholars to pray every day during the coming week for the school, or for their teacher, or for their next lesson, that it may bring someone nearer Christ. For several weeks there may stand in bold letters on the blackboard a list of things that should be prayed for at home. The teacher, of course, must enforce these recommendations. If he will courageously hold, once in a while, a little prayer-meeting with his scholars, in the class-room, about the class-table, or, best of all, at his own home or at one of theirs, he will thereby teach them as much Christianity as otherwise he might in a year.

Indeed, the teacher has much to do in making yours a praying school. The teacher's conduct during the prayer in the school is in itself half the scholars' attention, the

knowledge on the part of the scholars that their teacher is praying for them will spur their home devotions, and the teacher's simple, ready participation in the school prayers will prompt their own. An excellent occasional method of opening the school is by a succession of very brief—almost sentence—prayers from six or eight of the teachers. A frequent topic for discussion in the teachers' meeting should be how best to inculcate in the school the spirit of devotion, since this great result is to be won only by the co-operation of all the working forces of the school.

Much is gained in this matter if you gain variety. Sometimes ask the older scholars themselves, several of them in succession, to offer brief prayers at the opening of the school. Sometimes let the superintendent's opening prayer attract attention by its exceeding brevity—only three or four sentences, embodying a single petition. Be dead in earnest — no, be alive in earnest. Be thoughtful and versatile. Be bright and cheery, and simple-hearted and sympathetic. In these prayers, that should furnish the life-blood to the school, be all things to all—children, if by all means you may win one of them.

Bible Wines.

(Dr. R. H. Macdonald, of San Francisco.)

CHAPTER II.—USE OF THE GRAPE.

1. Q.—What was the earliest mode of using the grape?

A.—That of getting the pure juice, 'the pure blood of the grape,' and drinking it at once. (Gen. xl., 11.)

2. Q.—What was the simplest use?

A.—That of eating grapes to the fill, as mentioned in Deut. xxiii., 24 and similar to our grape cure of the present day.

3. Q.—What was the honey referred to in Exodus iii., 8, and several other places?

A.—Simply grape juice boiled down until it resembled molasses. Honey is mentioned fifty times in the Bible, and in only three cases does it mean honey made by bees, it usually means grape honey.

4. Q.—Where is this still made?

A.—In Palestine and Southern France.

5. Q.—Does it have intoxicating qualities?

A.—No, it is simply a sweet syrup.

6. Q.—What were those boiled grape juices called by ancient authorities?

A.—Democritus, a celebrated philosopher, 361 years before Christ, called them wine. Aristotle also, born 384 years before Christ, says, 'The wine of Arcadia was so thick that it was necessary to scrape it from the skin bottles in which it was contained, and to dissolve it in water.'

7. Q.—How many ways of using grapes were known to the people of ancient times?

A.—Sixteen different ways.

8. Q.—Why were grapes in any form either dried or in a liquid state, so valuable?

A.—Because the ancients had neither tea, coffee, nor sugar, and they depended largely upon grapes for anything sweet.

9. Q.—What does Dr. Eli Smith tell us in regard to wine?

A.—'Wine was the least of all the objects for which the vine was cultivated.'

10. Q.—Did total abstinence exist throughout the Bible countries in ancient times?

A.—It did for thousands of years. The Oriental priests from Egypt to India were not allowed to drink fermented wines, and total abstinence from them was habitual in Palestine at the time Christ was on earth.

11. Q.—Why, then, are we warned against drunkenness in the Bible?

A.—Because fermented wine was used in many places, and though it rarely contained more than .04 of alcohol, a great deal of it would make people drunk. But drunkenness like that of to-day did not exist, because distilled liquors were then unknown.

12. Q.—Give Bible proof that drunkenness such as exists now, was not known.

A.—Christ met with all sorts of sinful people, but not once is it mentioned that he saw a drunkard.

The Coming Man.

(By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.)

Oh, not for the great departed
  Who framed our country's laws,
And not for the bravest hearted
  Who died in freedom's cause,
And not for some living hero
  To whom all bend the knee,
My muse would raise her song of praise,
  But for the man to be.

For out of the strife which woman
  Is passing through to-day,
A man that is more than human
  Shall yet be born, I say;
A man in whose pure spirit
  No dross of self-will lurk;
A man who is strong to cope with wrong,
  A man who is proud to work.

A man with hope undaunted,
  A man with godlike power,
Shall come when he most is wanted,
  Shall come at the needed hour;
He shall silence the din and clatter
  Of clan disputing with clan,
And toil's long fight with purse-proud might
  Shall triumph through this man.

An Absent Scholar.

('Friendly Greetings.')

'Why, Cleveland, I was just on my way to ask what had become of you,' said the teacher as he turned a corner and came suddenly face to face with a lad who was carrying a broken chair along the street.

'Where were you last Sunday—I hope not ill?'

Although Cleveland's pleasant 'No, sir, thank you,' did not fully answer Mr. Gregory's question, there was a something in the lad's face that prevented his pressing the enquiry. That something satisfied any anxiety he might have been feeling before on his account. He saw that all was right with his young friend.

'We hardly knew how to get on without you,' continued the teacher, kindly. 'And you did not even let me know beforehand that you were not coming! You will be with us next Sunday, I hope?'

'Yes, sir, I think so,' said Cleveland, gravely, and with a warm shake of the hand the two separated.

Though absent from Sunday-school, Cleveland had not been absent from the prayer-meeting the Saturday before. Upon that particular evening Mr. Gregory had read only one verse—'I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.'

He had dwelt upon the 'therefore' which connects these verses with the riches of the all-knowing God in the chapter before; then upon 'the mercies of God' as a reason for 'the living sacrifice' being presented. Lastly, he spoke of the reasonableness of that sacrifice, and how it ought to include the full consecration of daily life.

Throughout the address, Cleveland, who was a truly Christian youth, had felt uncomfortable. The Spirit of God was making him conscious of something in his daily life which he felt to be inconsistent with Sunday-school teaching.

'Good-night, Cleveland,' the teacher had said cheerfully, not noticing the unusual gravity of the lad's expression. 'I hope we shall have a good class to-morrow.'

But when to-morrow came, Cleveland's place was empty.

That evening a friend called to enquire for him. At first, Cleveland replied evasively as to the cause of his absence from school, but as they were walking to the house of God 'in company,' he told his companion how that verse at the prayer-meeting had gone to his heart, and then about the new situation which was a little trying to his Christian profession—and how it had been borne home to his conscience that he ought not to go and fetch the workmen's beer daily, as he had been doing.

'Yet, if you refuse, it may cost you the situation, and it's a good one,' remarked his friend.

'I know it,' replied Cleveland quietly, as they entered the church together.

Earnestly and humbly the young fellow implored God's help, praying also that he would grant him favor in the eyes of his master, as he made the stand which he knew for conscience' sake he must make. Small though this matter may seem to some, to him it was the test of his full consecration, pressed upon his spirit by the Spirit of God, and thus infinitely important. The difficulty was fairly faced, and then committed to God.

* * * * *

'Cleveland, you've forgotten the beer,' said his master, sometime the next morning. The latter was a respectable, upright man, but one who considered that men need a little stimulant to work well upon.

'I'm sorry, sir, but I can't go for it,' said Cleveland, respectfully.

'How's that, my lad?' enquired the master, not unkindly.

'Because, sir, I've signed the pledge.'

All right, my lad,' said the master. 'I knew that you had signed the pledge yourself, and I was rather surprised that you cared to be seen inside a public-house.' Next Sunday, Cleveland was in his class as usual.—S. E. A. Johnson.

'All Things to all Men.'

An illustration of the benefit that may be conferred upon a 'weak' brother by meeting him in the Pauline spirit is given in Newman Hall's 'Autobgiography.'

The preacher once in delivering a lecture on temperance to young men, in order to make clear the insufficiency of high education alone to save from moral ruin, related the following incident:

'A young man of intelligent face and gentlemanly manners, but very shabby in appearance, followed me after sermon to the vestry of Surrey Chapel in great distress. I asked him what had brought him into such a condition. He said:

'"The drink. I can't keep from it. I've respectable relatives; but all they give me goes for drink. Tel me what to do!'

'I told him that for him total abstinence was essential, and that I was an abstainer in order to encourage such as he. I signed the pledge again for him to follow, which he did. I then said:

'"But we must pray for help."

'He said he did not believe in God, yet he knew the Greek Testament, and had 'coached' men at Oxford for bishops' examinations! He only believed in the Spirit of the Universe.

'I said I believed also, and so we could unite in prayer. We knelt down, and I prayed to the Great Spirit of the Universe to pardon and help him. With tears he said, "Oh, that my mother had seen this signature, to make her death more happy!"

'At the close of my lecture to the young men, a middle-aged gentleman, with an elegant young girl on his arm, came up to speak to me. "You do not remember me? I'm that young man, and this is my daughter. I'm the editor of one of the journals here, and a member of the Church, and I wish you would call on my wife and see our happy home, made so by God's blessing on your counsel."

'I called next day and took tea with him and his wife and daughter. There was an unmistakable atmosphere of refinement and domestic happiness in the little circle that pleased me greatly. Not long afterwards I read of his funeral, attended by many literary and other friends, in token of the respect in which he was held.'

If Doctor Hall, instead of stepping down as he did to the young man's plane of belief, had lectured him on pantheism, there would have been no mutual prayer and perhaps no rescue.—'Sunday Companion.'

Why He Lost the Games.

'You won't ever catch me drinking beer again,' said a young man who is fond of all sorts of games. He is a good player in all games of skill, and always wins. One day he had played several games and won, as usual, but was coaxed by another young man to go and have a glass of beer with him. He drank only half a glass of the stuff and the games were renewed. To his surprise the young man lost every game. 'It is all because of the beer,' said he. 'I won't drink it again.'

Beer muddles and stupefies. If you want a clear, steady brain, do not touch it.—'Temperance Banner.'

HOUSEHOLD.

Pulling Together.

(Helen H. Thomas, in 'Michigan Advocate.')

'What a rare and beautiful sight that is,' said one, as she nodded toward a mother and son walking on the opposite side of the street. 'See how lover-like the son acts as he almost carries along the mother who leans on his protecting arm.'

'Yes,' said the friend at her side, 'when I see how love-shielded that woman is in her widowhood, I feel more keenly my own childless condition.'

'Yet, on the other hand,' the first speaker made haste to say, as the foregoing was accompanied by a long-drawn sigh, 'just look at Mrs. Blank, whose three sons are breaking her heart. What a difference between those two mothers! In one case the sons seem to vie with each other in their efforts to make their mother's life worth living, now that her devoted husband has slipped away, while in the other case the fast whitening hair and drawn face of Mrs. Blank are in evidence that what "they say" is true when the verdict is "heartless neglect."'

'Yes, when I think of her I am reconciled to my childless home,' said the second speaker, as the women who had left their youth behind them walked on. 'It must be nice to be love-protected, as is Mrs. Grey, but loneliness is nothing to the heart-ache that must be part of the life of one whose children are ungrateful and reckless.'

As the friends at this juncture entered the home of one who had lived her life in the city whose streets they walked, these same widowed mothers, the dutiful sons in one instance and the reverse in the other, were again discussed, one saying:

'I cannot understand what should make the difference. Mrs. Blank is as devoted a Christian mother as is Mrs. Grey, and I see no reason why one mother's sons should be a trial, and those of the other a comfort. Can you, grandma?'

At this query, the aged one who had been in and out of each home since its formation, said, with a shake of her head:

'Yes, I know what has made the difference in those boys; some folks might call it heredity, and all that sort of thing, but I say it is all owing to the difference in the fathers.'

Just then the one who has an illustration to fit every subject lying near her heart, spied a heavily-laden team slowly ascending the hilly street, and pointing to it, said:

'Just see how each horse strains every muscle to draw that load. But if the off horse had all the pulling to do, it would never reach the top of the hill.'

'But we were talking of women and children, not horses, grandma,' said one, laughingly.

'I know it, but the rule that fits one case does the other,' was the answer of the observant woman. 'Mothers are, as a rule, willing to draw the whole load of raising a family, but it takes two to make a success of it. Now Mr. Blank was only a father in name. True, he prided himself on being a good provider, but carting provisions into one's house and paying bills promptly don't go far toward making dutiful children.

'Mr. Blank was almost a stranger to his boys, even to the day of his death. He never seemed to take any interest in their studies and amusements. His business and clubs seemed to absorb him so wholly as to leave him no time for his family, consequently the boys met all their mother's arguments with, "Pa don't care!" and in spite of her pleadings they grew up to be what you see them. So, when the so-called father died suddenly, the wife did not lose a helpmeet nor the boys any restraint.

'Mr. Grey, on the contrary, was an ideal husband and father. He occupied a place of honor in the world, but "our sons" were never lost sight of. Wife and children were always first with him. He was rarely seen outside of his home evenings, except to attend religious services. From their infancy his children ran to him with their joys and sorrows as freely as to the mother.

'Mr. Grey was always a courteous gentleman in his home, too, and treated his wife with such deference that it is little wonder that his sons treat their mother like a queen. I have been in the home for weeks at a time, and I do not hesitate to say that those boys never knowingly gave their mother a heart-ache. Is it strange, then, that now the fatherless children treat the mother with such lover-like care.'

'Perhaps you are right, grandma, as far as the two instances under discussion go, but what would you say of a case where the parents did pull together, and still the result was sons as heartless and reckless as are Mrs. Blank's.'

'I should say that it was the exception to the rule,' said the aged one, with such force that she dropped a stitch in her knitting. 'I've heard of such instances, but I've had my doubts about the genuineness of the pulling on both sides.'

'There are cases, too, grandma, where some brave mother, with a poor stick of a husband, brings up sons to be proud of, because of her faith in God and her efforts to help answer her own prayers.'

'Yes, yes, I admit it, but I still insist upon it that such sons as Mrs. Grey's would not be so rare as to excite comment, if there were more fathers and mothers pulling together.'

Home Courtesy.

Arriving one afternoon at a small town, a speaker was met by the president of the local W.C.T.U., a soft-voiced woman, with a young face under silvered hair.

As the two ladies were riding along the shady street, pupils from the public school began to throng the sidewalks.

At a crossing, a bright-faced boy about ten years old stood waiting for the ladies to pass, and lifted his cap with a courteous gesture and sunny smile.

The hostess leaned from the carriage with a pleasant greeting, and the grey cap covered the brown curls again as they drove on. 'One of your Sunday-school class?' ventured the speaker. 'No,' replied the hostess, 'my only son, Harry.'

As they approached the home, they nearly overtook a young girl of about fourteen, and a middle-aged man, walking briskly. The man was listening in a deferential way to the girl's merry chatter. At the gate they paused, the man lifted his hat in a parting salutation, as he held the gate for the girl to precede him, then bowing, he passed on, as if hurried, not observing the approaching carriage.

'This is our home; that is my husband going to his office,' said the hostess.

'And you have another guest, or is the young lady a caller?' asked the speaker.

'That is Margaret, our eldest child. She and her father are great chums,' replied the hostess.

At the daintily-appointed tea-table, the youngest child, a bashful girl of seven or eight years, had the misfortune to drop and break a fragile piece of china. Her face crimsoned with distress, and the violet eyes lifted to her mother's face were large with gathering tears. Th speaker winced, dreading discordant notes where all had been harmonious. 'I hope they will only send her away in disgrace—poor little thing!' her thoughts ran on. But even as she thought, with perfect courtesy the mother spoke the same conventional words of reassurance which she would have used had the honored guest broken the cup. Seeing the quivering lip of her cherished child—her guest from God—she added, softly: 'Mother knows you are sorry, dearest. Just let it pass, and overcome it,' while the father, with ready tact, engaged the speaker in conversation.

The speaker was charmed. That evening, walking to the meeting with another white ribboner, she could not resist saying: 'Your president seems wonderfully blessed in her children.'

'Yes, but she has her anxieties as well as the rest of us,' was the unexpected reply. 'Margaret has grown so winning that even the college boys would walk around by the high school to walk and talk with her, until her father quietly happened to be returning from the court house to his office, past their house, every time. Yes, it does take his time; but he is queer. He thinks it is one of the things his time is for. He thinks it pays.

'Then Harry.' Two years ago he was so shy it made him seem really rude; he just could not speak to people. And little Madge is still so timid that harshness would be fatal to her. This is our church.' The speaker had food for thought.—'The New Crusade.'

Hospitality and Poverty.

She had been a woman of slender means all her life. This meant that the coming of friends was a serious drain upon a purse never too full. She welcomed them always, and gave them the best that she could afford; but she dared not ask them often, nor did she go beyond the old circle of friendships to a wider one. She could not afford it, she declared. Hospitality was a luxury for the rich, not for the poor.

Then suddenly the word became luminous in her Bible. Use hospitality without grudging; be given to hospitality; a lover of hospitality—how persistent the command was, and it made no distinction between rich and poor. Besides, were there not many all about her poorer than she to whom an hour at her simple table would be a treat to be lived over and over in the monotony of weary days?

So she began her simple ministry, and she found, to her surprise, that it was not bread and meat that people wanted, but the finer hospitality of the soul, and that—oh! God could give her that every day! She need never again feel poor or empty-handed. Suddenly her empty life had deepened to rich experiences and exhaustless interest.

Now, this isn't a lesson upon the grace of hospitality. It is merely a suggestion to any to whom life, which God meant to be joyous and enthusiastic, seems poor and bare of interest. If, as in the days of the prophet, 'joy is withered away' from us, there is one remedy always. Take one command of the New Testament and live it day by day with all the power of earnestness that is ours. Straightway life will have greater meaning and more beautiful purposes, and people upon whom we had looked with indifferent eyes will claim wonderful and tender kinship with us, and the abundant life which Christ came to bring will transfigure all our days.—'Forward.'

Fruits.

'I wish,' said a doctor, who had been watching a group of school children troop out of a candy store, where they had been spending their pennies, 'that I could form a society among little folks in which each member would pledge to spend all his pocket money for fruit instead of candy.' Parents ought, says a Boston paper, to use their influence in this direction. The craving for sweets can often be satisfied by a banana, an orange, some dates or raisins—any of which are more healthful than cheap candies. If the children must have candy, teach them to make it themselves at home as early as possible.

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